

THE BOURBON NEWS

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THE DESERTED HOUSE.

With sagging door and staring window-
place,
And sunken roof, it stands among its
trees,
Befriended by the boughs that interlace
Between it and the light ghost-footed
trees.

Poor human nest, how desolately torn!
Yet in these ragged rooms young children
sleep;
And on this floor all broken and forlorn
The baby with the sunshine daily crept.

See where some older "Tom" and "Susie"
stood,
And marked their names a yard space
from the ground;
That little height, when all of sweet and
good
Within the narrow plot of home is found.

Such tiny sleeping-rooms, with space for
naught
Except a place to dress, a place to dream.
A book, a little shelf, a good-night thought,
A childish treasure brought from field or
stream.

Upon this curbstone, picking bit by bit
The grass that grew before the cottage
door,
The six-months' baby sat examining it
As one who ne'er had seen its like before.

Here by the window in her willow chair,
The mother sewed and sang a low re-
frain.
Are those the patches from her piece-bag
there?
Nay, they are leaves that blew in with
the rain.

The leaves blow in, the moss is on the roof,
The squirrels bring their treasures from
the boughs,
The storm comes, and with dull, unhesi-
tating hoof,
Into this partial shelter stray the cows.

Ah, come away! Some woman's youth lies
here,
Some man's fair childhood, dead but
wondrous sweet.
Some heart this cot has sheltered holds it
dear,
And fills it with old loves and joys com-
plete.

What right have we to pry or speculate?
The sun goes down, the darkness like a
pall
Encloses ruined house and porch and gate,
And tender darkness broods over all.
—Ethelwyn Wetherald, in Youth's Com-
panion.

A MUSICAL HEART

By Ida Estella R. Smith.

PHILEMON HARVENTHAL had
lived three-score and ten years in
the quiet village of Aylesborough.
He was a man of unblemished char-
acter, was known to be very wealthy
and lived in an unpretentious man-
ner. He was a physician, and his rather
peculiar religious views were the cause
of many heated arguments among
those of his friends whom he consid-
ered it his duty to instruct in the
mysteries of his chosen faith. He fully
believed that when the time should
come for him to "put on immortality"
he would be received on the next plane
by a host of bright spirits. As he was
charitable, owed no man aught that he
could not pay, had kept the commandments
and had been as nearly as possible what
the world calls an upright man, he be-
lieved that a reception of unusual
grandeur awaited him.

Notwithstanding this assurance, he
seemed to prefer deferring his jour-
ney to the "ever-green shore" as long
as possible, for a real or imaginary
pain in the region of his heart one
day caused the good man to make a
rather hurried visit to a physician of
his acquaintance.

Dr. Elwell was one among the list
of possible converts to his spiritual-
istic doctrine, and as Philemon en-
tered his office he immediately cast
about for an excuse whereby he
might, if possible, avoid the expected
lecture. But there was a troubled
look on his old friend's face that quite
dissuaded him, and a few moments
later Dr. Elwell's head was pressed
against his side in a listening atti-
tude. As he listened, instead of hear-
ing the heart-pulsations, as he ex-
pected, he heard music!

He raised his head and looked about,
but could no longer hear it. Once
more he pressed his ear against Phile-
mon's heart, and once more he heard
the same sweet strain. The music
sounded like the soft tones of his
own piano, as he had heard his daugh-
ter playing before leaving the house,
which stood about 20 yards distant.

The doctor walked to the door and
listened, but heard no sound. He
looked toward the house, but there
was nothing unusual in that direction.
At the time the thoroughly puzzled
physician had listened, first at the
front, then at the back door of the
office, alternately pressing his ear
against Philemon's side, he had
aroused the old man's curiosity.

"Anything peculiar about it, doc-
tor?"

"A little unusual, surely."

"Unusual?"

"I imagine I hear music."

"Well, doctor, I believe there is to be
a show in town. I suppose there are
having a street parade."

The physician hesitated. If he ex-
plained he feared a lecture on the
supernatural. If he did not explain
he felt that he was deceiving an inno-
cent man.

Philemon continued: "I hope that
it will not prove serious, though I
suffer considerably at times, and
thought best not to neglect it."

"Yes."

"You seem undecided."

"I never had a case of this kind
before. I think there must be some
mistake, but I certainly hear music
every time I press my ear to your
heart," he replied, half fearing an
explanation of the mystery from his

patient's standpoint, and preparing to
defend his own belief against all spiri-
tualistic delusion.

Philemon was silent. He looked
searchingly into the doctor's eyes,
half expecting to see a twinkle of
merriment, but there was nothing of
the kind. Indeed, his honest face wore
a troubled expression quite convincing
to the patient.

Philemon pointed across the street.
"I see Dr. Grey over there. Please
call him."

A moment later Dr. Elwell was ex-
plaining to his brother physician the
unusual occurrence, and together they
sought an explanation; but to no pur-
pose. Dr. Grey heard music when his
ear rested against Philemon's side, as
his friend had heard it.

A serious expression rested on the
usually happy countenance of their
patient as he prepared to depart. He
arose, pulled his hat over his eyes and
walked out as feebly as though he had
grown ten years older. Both physi-
cians were as puzzled over the appar-
ent effect of their communication as
they were as to the origin of the sweet
strains. Philemon walked down the
village street like a man in a dream.
A neighbor spoke sociably as he passed,
but the old man did not hear. He en-
tered his house, mechanically drew a
chair before the open fire, seated him-
self and rested his head in his hands.
His dog stretched himself at his feet,
occasionally opening one eye to look
up at his master, who had failed to
speak a word of welcome, and the omis-
sion had not passed unnoticed by the
faithful brute.

A half hour passed. Philemon moved
uneasily, and the mastiff's tail
thumped against the floor reassuringly.
"Amzie!"

The dog bounded to his feet with a
whine of pleasure.
"Amzie, my boy, I have much to at-
tend to; very much, for I have this day
received a warning."

He placed his hand on the animal's
head, and in a sorrowful and affec-
tionate manner caressed the only crea-
ture left to him whom he believed loved
him disinterestedly.

"Yes, Amzie, I have received a warn-
ing of the approaching change. I sup-
pose I ought to be thankful that the
time draws near, but it is uncertain,
after all. You must be provided for,
and you shall be! The rascally rela-
tives who anxiously await my final
leave-taking cannot cheat you out of
your inheritance! You are my best
friend, Amzie! Do you understand me?
My best friend!"

The mastiff raised one huge paw and
placed it across his master's knee as
he tried to lick the hand that caressed
him. Philemon gently stroked it, and
continued: "I have been told that
there are animals on the next plane,
Amzie; I cannot say whether it be true,
but you can come to me if they mis-
use you. They dare not, sir! They dare
not!" he shouted, excitedly.

He pulled the chair toward a rather
antiquated desk and wrote several
words on a slip of paper.

"Take this to Richard, my boy. If
my heart is weak I must save steps; I
have heard that walking is injurious
if one suffers with heart disease."

The dog took the note in his mouth
and, as Philemon opened the door,
bounded outward. A few moments
later he returned, with the gardener
closely following.

"You sent for me, sir? Amzie
brought the note."

"Yes, Richard; I want you to bring
a lawyer here at once. He must be the
first one you can find. I am in a great
hurry!" And the man hurried away.

When the lawyer arrived he found
Philemon seated before the desk, busily
engaged in arranging his business pa-
pers. One drawer after another had
been emptied and the contents heaped
in considerable confusion before him.
He welcomed the lawyer and proceeded
to explain why he had called him.

"I have concluded, sir, that a man
who has lived as long in this world
as I have ought to properly arrange
matters before leaving for the next;
therefore, I have sent for you to do
the work for me."

The lawyer acquiesced, politely re-
marking that he hoped it might be
many years first, and Philemon con-
tinued: "I have a large estate to dis-
pose of. I also have a few distant rela-
tives; not one among them would,
from genuine sorrow, shed a tear at
my grave; but this faithful fellow will
mourn." Here he once more caressed
the dog. "I want him properly cared
for during his life, if he survive me,
and I have good reason to believe that
he will; and as either one of the ras-
cally set who claim relationship to me
would, in all probability, assist him in
reaching dog-heaven ahead of time, I
wish to leave him in the care of my
gardener, Richard Jenkins. He is
faithful, and Amzie is fond of him. I
wish him to understand that this room,
with all it contains, is to be reserved
for the use of the dog. The remain-
ing portion of the house is to be used
by his own family, and Amzie is to be
well cared for. In compensation for
these services I will place at his dis-
posal \$1,000 the first year, and it shall
be increased \$200 each year that my
pet shall live. A sure incentive for
Richard to see that he has good care,"
he remarked, with a grin of satisfac-
tion, as the lawyer rapidly transferred
the old man's wishes to paper.

He then explained minutely how and
what the dog was to be fed, and he
wished Richard to understand that
though he often stretched himself be-
fore the fire, at times he enjoyed lying
on the broad sofa, which must be left
for his use alone.

The lawyer smiled indulgently, and
continued to write until the rather
peculiar document was finished.

Soon afterward the will was properly
signed and witnessed, the lawyer had
gone and Philemon was once more
seated before the fire.

The evening shadows were lengthen-
ing. Philemon seemed to have forgot-
ten that he usually ate a hearty meal

at this hour. Amzie, as usual, lay at
his master's feet, occasionally looking
upward and emphasizing the fact of his
presence by the same loud rap of his
tail.

The old man remained in this posi-
tion for some time. He was thinking of
the years that had passed since his wife
had been taken from him, and now he
believed the time short until he should
meet her. Save for those who ministered
to his comfort, and were paid for
their services, he had lived alone,
with only the companionship of a dog.
Amzie was the third mastiff that had
enjoyed the privilege of lying at his
feet.

"The time is short," he thought,
aloud; and Amzie immediately bounded
to his side.

"You are in the habit of going with
me for a walk at this hour, sir. Come
along. I have a strange errand to do
to-night."

Without further conversation with
his dumb companion, Philemon walked
slowly up the street until he reached
the village furniture and undertaking
establishment. Here he paused as
though somewhat undecided whether
to enter. A dim light burned in the
rear of the store, though the front re-
mained in darkness. Finally Philemon
entered the dimly-lighted building in a
hesitating manner. The proprietor
came out of the back room, and upon
recognizing his visitor cordially wel-
comed him.

When he had selected a coffin and
given directions as to how he wished it
trimmed he left the astonished under-
taker and walked toward the home of
a fellow psychiatrist.

After seriously considering the mat-
ter, Philemon had decided to visit this
man and explain the state of his feel-
ings regarding the spiritual phenom-
ena, as he was pleased to consider the
occurrence in the doctor's office that
morning. His friend listened attentively
until he had finished; then he
laughed.

"If you neither saw nor heard any-
thing unusual yourself, my opinion is
that those physicians were playing a
joke on you," was the unsatisfactory
reply. And the matter seemed to have
a little less serious an aspect to Phile-
mon, though he had gone too far, and
arranged his earthly affairs preparatory
to entering the next world with
too much genuine anxiety, to cast it
off at the first laugh from his friend.

"Should this matter prove to be as I
think, you will speak a few words over
my remains, will you not?" he inquired,
half hoping that his time on earth
would end abruptly, if only to con-
vince the man that he was right.

"I will," was the grave reply; and
Philemon departed.

His words had not produced the ef-
fect upon his friend that he had hoped,
though he still felt convinced of the
genuineness of the warning; and with
the faithful Amzie walked homeward,
repeating a few comforting verses of
Scripture, believing it the proper thing
for a man to do who expected ere long
to take that journey from whence no
man returns.

He reached the corner of the street
near his home without speaking to the
dog. It had been his custom to con-
verse with him in a confidential man-
ner, quite ignoring the fact that he re-
ceived no reply; but to-night the dog
seemed to understand his master's
mood and trotted on ahead. Suddenly
a man emerged from Philemon's gate,
and Amzie gave a bark of recognition.
It was Dr. Elwell.

"Good evening, Mr. Harventhal. I
have been searching for you for an
hour. I thought you seemed somewhat
disturbed over our hearing music this
morning, and I wanted to tell
you that after you left we dis-
covered that your back had rested
against the thin pipe of the speak-
ing tube which communicates with
my house, and my daughter was
playing the piano. If you were not so
hard of hearing you probably would
have heard it yourself."

Philemon mumbled something, he
scarcely knew what, and the doctor
hurried on. But a load seemed to have
been suddenly lifted from him. He now
realized that he had eaten nothing since
morning, and understood that the faint
feeling he had experienced was caused
by hunger; though before he sought
food he exclaimed: "Never mind, Am-
zie; you are provided for! I needed a
shock."—Woman's Home Companion.

Shopping in Scotland.
The Scotch have their own idea of a
"bargain day," and their view is not
without a touch of shrewdness. A Lon-
don paper describes a conversation be-
tween an English matron and Mr. Angus
McIver.

"I suppose, Mr. McIver," said she,
"that they have bargain days in Glas-
gow?"

"Ma conscience, no! It wad na do
ava!"

"Indeed!" replied the lady. "Why, I
thought bargain days would just suit
your people!"

"Weel," said he, "that's juist it. It
wad suit them over weel. If they had
bargain days, noboddy wad buy any-
thing on the ither days, ye ken!"—
Youth's Companion.

How Polly Knew.
A "befo-de-war" matron was teach-
ing one of the little darlings on her
plantation how to spell. The primer
she used was a pictorial one, and over
each word was its accompanying pic-
ture, and Polly glibly spelled "o-x, ox,"
and "b-o-x, box," etc. But the teacher
thought she was making too rapid
progress, so she put her hand over the
picture and said: "Polly, what does
o-x spell?" "Ox," answered Polly,
nimbly. "How do you know that it
spells ox, Polly?" "Seed his tail," re-
plied the apt Polly.—Argonaut.

Perpetual Youth.
Youngest Daughter—How old shall
I be on my next birthday, mamma?
Mamma—That depends on your older
sisters, my dear.—N. Y. World.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

The Happy End of a Romance in
Which a Chicago Man Was
Concerned.

For nearly ten years Thomas Con-
nors has lived in Chicago. He has been
a thrifty fellow, and, though the vic-
tim of a woman's whim, took the
world philosophically, became a good
mechanic and saved his money.

He had loved Margaret Fitzmaurice
in the green Isle many years ago, but
in a moment of anger they quarreled
and separated. She drifted he knew
not whither, and no tidings of Con-
nors had been known to Margaret.

Eighteen months ago Patrick Dris-
coll, a wiremaker at Waterbury, Conn.,
fell in love with Miss Fitzmaurice, but
she repelled his advances. Driscoll
was persistent, and after several
months of pleading she finally con-
sented to be Mrs. Driscoll.

There was a great sensation several
months ago when there was no bride
at the Driscoll wedding, and the priest
and the sexton and hundreds of peo-
ple were disappointed.

Connors read the story in a Chic-
ago paper in his lonely room in his
boarding house, and he at once recog-
nized the name of his long-lost sweet-
heart.

He wrote her of his unflinching love
and its faithfulness during all the
years of his absence, and asked for-
giveness and reinstatement. He got
both, and they were married at Wa-
terbury the other day. Connors is
well off. Driscoll is a wanderer and
his whereabouts unknown.

FAINT IN RELIGIOUS FERVOR.

Great Enthusiasm Manifested at Ba-
ptismal Services in a New
York Church.

A recent Sunday was a day of joy and
jubilee in the Mount Olivet Baptist
church. The fruits of five weeks of
soul-stirring revival were gathered.
Converts to the number of 184, men,
women, boys and girls, were baptized
by immersion amid such scenes and
rites of praise as are not likely to be
forgotten by the hundreds present.
When the baptismal services began the
marble tank sunk in the pulpit plat-
form was opened. The candidates for
baptism, 144 women in white flannel
robes, and 40 men in black met in the
Sunday school room in the basement,
which was divided into sections. For
three hours Pastor Walker and his as-
sistant, Deacon Webb, stood waist deep
in the tank and conducted the services.

The religious enthusiasm of the con-
gregation was intense. Three women
and two men fainted after leaving the
tank. Converts and members became
hoarse with their cries for blessing and
approval. The baptism of a little blind
girl was followed by a tumult of en-
thusiasm.

Department Stores in Germany.

The department store tax bill as laid
before the Prussian landtag divides re-
tailers into four classes. They may
sell either groceries, liquors, tobaccos
and chemicals or dry goods and cloth-
ing or furniture and household utensils
or cutlery, jewelry, art goods, station-
ery and musical instruments, without
paying the department store tax. But
shops combining these different classes
must pay a graduated tax, provided
their annual sales exceed 500,000 marks.
Starting with 7,500 marks for annual
sales of 500,000, the tax increases to 20,
000 for sales at 1,000,000. Then it adds
2,000 for each additional 100,000. Mut-
ual associations are exempt.

Economical If Not Popular.

A new fad has been started in the
east, says the Chicago Times-Herald.
Its followers eat all their food raw, and
make faces at the coal man.

MARKET REPORT.

Cincinnati, April 14.	
CATTLE—Common	\$.40 @ .40
Select butchers	.45 @ .50
CALVES—Extras	.65 @ .75
HOGS—Select packers	.50 @ .55
Mixed packers	.54 @ .55
SHEEP—Choice	.60 @ .60
LAMBS—Extra	.75 @ .75
FLOUR—Spring pat.	.30 @ .30
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	.43 @ .43
CORN—No. 2 mixed	.27 @ .27
OATS—No. 2 mixed	.16 @ .16
RYE—No. 2	.14 @ .14
HAY—Choice timothy	.13 @ .13
MESS PORK	.13 @ .13
LARD	.15 @ .15
BUTTER—Ch. dairy	.12 @ .12
Choice creamery	.22 @ .22
APPLES—Ch. to fancy	.45 @ .45
POTATOES—Per brl.	1.25 @ 1.50
TOBACCO—New	1.00 @ 1.25
Old	1.40 @ 1.65

CHICAGO.	
FLOUR—Win. patent	.30 @ .30
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	.68 @ .68
No. 3 spring	.64 @ .64
CORN—No. 2	.39 @ .39
OATS—No. 2	.24 @ .24
RYE—No. 2	.12 @ .12
PORK—Mess	.12 @ .12
LARD—Steam	.10 @ .10

NEW YORK.	
FLOUR—Win. patent	.30 @ .30
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	.80 @ .80
CORN—No. 2 mixed	.47 @ .47
OATS—No. 2 mixed	.28 @ .28
RYE	.82 @ .82
PORK—Mess	.14 @ .14
LARD—Steam	.10 @ .10

BALTIMORE.	
FLOUR—Win. patent	.30 @ .30
WHEAT—No. 2	.68 @ .68
Southern	.68 @ .68
CORN—No. 2 mixed	.42 @ .42
OATS—No. 2 mixed	.29 @ .29
CATTLE—First qual.	.45 @ .45
HOGS—Western	.50 @ .50

INDIANAPOLIS.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	.72 @ .72
CORN—No. 2 mixed	.41 @ .41
OATS—No. 2 mixed	.27 @ .27

LOUISVILLE.	
FLOUR—Win. patent	.45 @ .45
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	.72 @ .72
CORN—Mixed	.43 @ .43
OATS—Mixed	.27 @ .27
PORK—Mess	.13 @ .13
LARD—Steam	.10 @ .10

WIGGINS (2) 2:19½

Bay horse; 15 hands 3 inches; foaled 1893.

By ABERDEEN, sire of Kentucky Union 207½, Dentine (4) 2:13½, Alabaster (4) 2:15, and sixty-three others in 2:30.

1st dam, ALBINA DE MER (dam of Wiggins (2) 2:19½, Mabel Moneypeny (2) 2:20, her first two colts trained), by STAMBOUL 2:07½, son of Sultan 2:24.
2d dam, BELLE BLANCHIE, by THE MOOR 870, sire of Beautiful Wells (dam of 8 in 2:30 list), Sultan 2:24, etc.
3d dam, BELLE VIEW MAID (dam of Center 2:29½), by Idol 1:77.
4th dam by PILOT, JR., sire of dams of Maud S. 2:08½, Jay-Eye-See 2:10, etc.
5th dam by MAMBRINO MESSENGER.

"Breed to early speed, if you want early speed." WIGGINS took his record of 2:19½ and could beat 2:14 as a two-year-old. He started in six races, winning five straight without losing a heat and was the best colt of his year—1895. Now is the time to breed your best mares, while he stands at the low fee of

\$25 TO INSURE A COLT.

Lien retained on colt until season is paid. Grass at 10 cts. per day. Accidents and escapes at owner's risk. For further information, address

JAMES E. CLAY,
Marchmont Stock Farm, Paris, Ky.

LORD RUSSELL

(Full Brother to the Great Maud S. 2:08 3-4.)

Sire of Kremlin, 2:07½; Hustler Russell, 2:12½; Russellmont, 2:12½; Sea Bird, 2:12½; Lee Russell 2:16½; and nineteen others in the list.
LORD RUSSELL is out of the great brood mare Miss Russell, the dam of seven better than 2:30; four better than 2:30, and two that have beaten 2:30. She is also the dam of five sires of speed, among them the great Nutwood, and is the dam of four producing daughters. Note what strong producing blood LORD RUSSELL has. He will stand at

\$25.00 TO INSURE.

SCARLET WILKES,

2:22 1-2, Trial 2:14 1-4.)

Sire of George, 2:19½; trotting, 2:19½; pacing; Mercury Wilkes, 2:14½; Capt White, 2:16½; The Duke, 2:16½, etc., three to beat 2:20 in 1899.

by Red Wilkes.

1st dam Tipser, (dam of The Shah 2:10½, Scarlet Wilkes 2:22½, Glen Mary 2:25 and Glen Wood, sire of Glen Arthur 2:14, and Gipsy B. 2:17), by Alcide; 2nd dam Mary Weaver (dam of Don 2:22, Robin M. 2:24½ and Mary B. 2:29), by Vermont Black Hawk.

SCARLET WILKES is the best disposed stallion in the country.

\$15.00 TO INSURE.

Maplehurst, Paris, Ky. BACON BROS. & J. Q. WARD

STEPHON 20404

Is a dappled gray horse, foaled Oct. 20, 1